

1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	8	T. R.	Am.	4 & 5	5.65	21	7.53
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	20	35	27	5	7.53	27	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	6	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	7	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	8	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	9	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	10	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	11	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	12	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	13	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	14	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	15	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	16	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	17	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	18	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	19	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	20	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	21	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	22	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	23	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	24	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	25	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	26	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	27	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	28	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	29	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	30	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	31	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	32	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	33	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	34	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	35	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	36	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	37	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	38	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	39	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	40	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	41	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	42	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	43	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	44	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	45	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	46	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	47	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	48	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	49	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	50	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	51	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	52	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	53	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	54	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	55	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	56	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	57	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	58	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	59	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	60	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	61	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	62	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	63	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	64	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	65	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	66	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	67	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	68	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	69	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	70	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	71	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	72	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	73	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	74	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	75	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	76	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	77	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	78	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	79	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	80	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	81	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	82	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	83	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	84	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	85	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	86	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	87	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	88	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	89	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	90	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	91	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	92	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	93	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	94	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	95	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	96	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	97	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	98	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	99	7.53	28	12
1/4 SW & 1/4 SE	28	35	28	100	7.53	28	12

that I will offer the above lands and town lots at public sale at my office in the Court House in Valentine, Nebraska, on the first Monday in November, 1898, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., said sale to be continued from day to day until all have been offered for sale.

J. E. THACKREY,
County Treasurer.

DRIVEN MAD BY TORTURE.

Frighful Practices in Saghalien, Russia's Penal Settlement.

The presence of a batch of convicts in Odessa, Russia, for deportation to Saghalien has occasioned the publication of various accounts of the treatment received by the prisoners in that island, and if the numerous stories are true Saghalien must be a veritable inferno. Eye-witnesses relate that a common sight is that of shackled human beings yoked to a huge cart, whose weight tries the strength of their under-dered bodies to the uttermost.

These men are demoralized by the brutality of their surroundings and the cruelty of the officials, who are ever ready to have recourse to the knout to enforce submission. An attempt to escape is punished with ten years' extra imprisonment, and it needs only one or two failures to break away to bring about an unfortunate prisoner's residence in this "slough of despond." One form of treatment is the coupling of the shackles which ensheath a prisoner's ankles to a wheelbarrow. This the victim must drag night and day for months perhaps till the iron inflames the flesh and the legs mortify. His comrades may mercifully soak the feet and forcibly pull off the bands—a process which is attended with the most excruciating agony, but which is eagerly borne.

The knouting of a man is a scene of incredible barbarity. The victim is mounted on a specially constructed wooden horse, and his back is bared. The scourge is applied with such violence that at each stroke pieces of flesh are torn away and the blood from the wounds bespatters the face of the executioner.

Such is the horror of Saghalien that men and women go mad and lunatics are to be found hiding in quiet places. All the women are more or less demoralized. Their lot is peculiarly unhappy. They are given to the bachelor convicts—men whom for the most part they have never seen before. Even those who are not convicts lose their reason, as witness the story of Mlle. Naumoff. This lady had devoted her life to the rescue of children in this unhappy spot, and for years had spread a light and comfort around her, but in a paroxysm of madness induced by the soul-torturing surroundings, shot herself. Her work was taken up by three other ladies; one of these shot herself, the second went raving mad, and the third married a warder.—London News.

A Contrast.

One man, through favor or influence or interest, gains a high office in political life. Another, without any of these accessories, wins an equal place through his fitness for it, gained by long years of faithful, loyal service and gradual preparation. The former, notwithstanding his official position, has undergone no more improvement than the mineral which was dug from the earth. As he was before, so he remains. The latter has become truly elevated, for he has risen in worth; the force from within has developed his powers and fitted him for higher usefulness. One youth has been through the various stages of school and college life, he has been sent abroad for culture, and he has had done for him all that money and friends can do; yet, with all this external pushing upwards, he may not have half the true mental elevation of another who, without any advantages but what he has earned for himself, is yet a close thinker, a sincere seeker after truth, an earnest wrestler with mental difficulties, a student, not merely of books, but of men and of nature.

Pluck.

A remarkable act of pluck and bravery on the part of one of the gentler sex was displayed at Wissahickon station, on the Reading Railway. A bevy of young ladies, who were out on a chestnutting picnic from West Philadelphia, were waiting for a trolley car to convey them to Norristown. A man much the worse for liquor came walking along the station platform and just as a train was approaching attempted to cross the tracks. One of the young ladies saw his danger and quicker than a flash she jumped on the track, seized the unfortunate man by the nape of the neck and threw him out of harm's way. The next moment the train rushed past. All the girls and the rescued victim got aboard the trolley car, and before they reached Roxborough the man sobbed up sufficiently to realize the peril he had been in, and to show his gratitude offered to marry the girl at sight. She, however, declined on the plea that it was the first offer she had ever had.—Philadelphia Record.

Veteran Cursed His Luck.

Abraham Sprawls was a veteran of three wars, and he used to live in Wiregrass, Ga. He had lost one leg in battle and walked around on a wooden stump. One day he got in the way of a fast mail and the engine ran over him. One of his sons—and he had a family of fifteen—had witnessed the accident, and, running toward him, shouted: "Train's cut off dad's leg an' he'll git damages!" He lifted the old man to inspect his wounds, but suddenly let him fall, saying in a tone of disgust: "Durn it all! It's his wooden leg they've cut off!" "Yes!" groaned the old man, as they wheeled him home, "it's just my durned luck. Can't see to save me how they missed the good leg."—Atlanta Constitution.

There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts—fine taxes remitted against each tract. And

THE ISLAND OF DREAMS.

Away, away to the Island of Dreams
In the sea of night, where the starlight gleams;
There hope ever reigns eternal, supreme,
Though only the hope of a fanciful dream.

In the Island of Dreams there are no tears.
And age never comes, though thousands of years
Should come and go while you dwell on the shore,
Your heart would be young while waiting for more.

In the Island of Dreams love is the king
On the mystical throne, that he may bring
The hope of the heart, sought fondly so long
And tune the sad soul for a dreamland song.

In the Island of Dreams the heart is pure
As flowers that bloom on the twilight shore.
Tempest and tempter, of the distant past,
Will there give the soul a respite at last.

In the Island of Dreams again we meet
The long lost ones, whose wandering feet
Have reached the distant, enchanted strand,
And the peace and rest of the dreamland land.

In the Island of Dreams our sweethearts wait
As they did of old, at the garden gate,
And the lips will then touch as they touch in dreams
And joy be as real and sweet as it seems.

In the Island of Dreams I have a friend
Who comes every night when slumbers will lend
The aid of a vision to sleepy eyes,
And brings me a message from paradise.

Away to the Island of Dreams I'll go,
Out on the shadows—how darkly they flow—
Listen, wait, be still, watch the golden beams
Fading so faint to the Island of Dreams.

THE GLACIER KEEPING.

I.
"A PRETTY tough climb, isn't it, Max?"
The speaker was a tall Englishman of perhaps 50, but looking as hard and tough and generally fit as most men of half his age.

"Yes, sir," said the guide, who stood before him at the inn door, "and we'll have to start early if we are to get back the same day."

Sir Robert Ballard turned and re-entered the room. From a desk he pulled out a sheet of paper, and picking up a pen, sat down at a table and began a letter.

"My dear Harry," he wrote, "I'm afraid I have not been quite fair to you. Thinking over things again I can see that your foolish pranks, which so much offended me, may have been—indeed, no doubt were—the results of sheer youthful high spirits. I am, therefore, again altering my will and instead of my cousin James Rennie being my residuary legatee, you will find the bulk of my property will eventually come to you and that you will grow up a man worthy of the trust I am reposing in you. Your affectionate uncle, 'ROBERT BALLARD.'"

Sir Robert sealed and stamped the letter and then on a sheet of foolscap proceeded rapidly and with businesslike precision to re-draft his will.

It seemed an easy enough matter and took but a very few minutes. You would hardly have imagined the amount in question was something like £50,000 or £50,000.

The rapid pen ceased flying over the paper and Sir Robert touched the bell. "Call Max Schneider," he said to the waiter, "and you, too, come in; I want you to witness this signature for me."

He signed the document, the two men affixed their signatures, and then he folded it, placed it in an envelope and slipped it into an inner pocket of his Norfolk jacket.

"What time do we start to-morrow, Max?" he asked.

"Not later than half-past three sir," answered the guide.

"Very well, then. I shall go to bed at once, and I suppose you'll do the same," then to the waiter: "Mind, you call me sharp at 3. Good-night."

II.
"Great luck having such lovely weather—eh, Max?"
"Lovely, indeed, Sir Robert; but pray don't say anything about it till we're clear of the ice. It's the worst of bad luck, Sir."

Sir Robert laughed—the laugh of a strong man who is thoroughly pleased with himself.

Indeed he had reason to be pleased. Very few men had ever climbed the beetling cliffs of the Aiguille Vert at all. Fewer still could boast of having accomplished the feat within the hours of a single day.

Half an hour later they reached the edge of the ice. The sun had now set and the air, chill with approaching night, was no longer clear as it had been. Pale wreaths of smoky mist hung in light bands, which seemed to shift and change kaleidoscopically, though no breeze was felt.

Still roped together, as they had been during the entire climb, they crossed the moraine and started steadily tramping across the rough ice, whose surface was broken by a hundred deep rifts and lumpy, yawning crevasses.

The fog closed and fell thicker and thicker.

Some three hours later that night one of the guides burst into the kitchen of the Montvert Inn.

His face was white and drawn, and he was almost speechless with excitement, misery and fatigue.

At last he managed to grasp out his piteous story—how they had missed their way in a fog; how he had heard a sharp cry of warning from Max, who

was leading the party; how next he had been jerked off his feet by a tremendous pull at the rope round his waist, and how he had desperately saved himself by driving his alpenstock into the ice. Next thing he knew he was alone—alone on the edge of a giant crevasse, whose misty depths yawned silent as a grave.

The instant they understood him a rescue party was formed, under the guidance of Herman, the innkeeper.

All night the devoted man worked and most of the next day. But it was useless. The glacier does not easily give up its prey.

III.
A big, broad-shouldered good-looking young fellow of about eight and twenty was sitting in a rather dingy little room in Bloomsbury answering a letter he had just received.

Harry Ballard had been looking out for a chance to accompany a reading party abroad during the long vacation and by good luck even better billet had come his way. An old friend of his father—a Mr. Folkes—had written to him to engage his services as tutor and general bear-leader to his son, young Edward Folkes, during a forthcoming Swiss tour.

He had always wanted to get abroad and now the chances had fallen his way he was resolved to make the most of it. Young Everard, his pupil, was a thoroughly nice lad, and the whole expedition seemed to partake more of the nature of a holiday than serious work. The two trudged afoot through lovely valleys, up turf-clad slopes, drinking in the clear air, and enjoying themselves rather like two school boys than a tutor and his pupil.

Everard wanted to climb a mountain. Harry rather discouraged the idea. He told the boy of the fate of his uncle, Sir Robert Ballard.

"Yes, I remember of hearing of that when I was quite small," answered Everard sympathetically. "Were the bodies ever recovered?"

"No, never," said Harry, "and probably never will be."

They walked in silence a little way. Then Harry said:

"Do you know, Everard, I should like rather to see the place. Suppose we go up to Montvert? We can do it in two days from Chamounix. Your father put no restriction on our movements."

"Then let's go," replied the boy, keenly.

Montvert had become quite a fashionable resort within the last few years. The old inn had been much enlarged. It boasted all sorts of modern improvements—among them a drawing room, a band and a visitors' book.

The latter Harry was studying, when he was startled by the names: "Mr. James Rennie and Miss Rennie and maid, Glasgow."

"My cousins, by Jove!" he muttered.

He had seen nothing of them for years—since Mr. Rennie had come in for all of Sir Robert's money. The daughter Muriel he had never seen. James Rennie he knew by repute as a rather hard and canny Scotchman, and here they were staying at the same hotel.

They met that evening in the drawing room.

"And this is my daughter, Muriel," Rennie said.

Harry looked up and saw a soft dot of a girl in a black evening gown, who gave him a warm, impulsive handshake.

Somehow Harry and his charge stayed on at Montvert for a whole fortnight.

Harry was a new man. The inevitable was happening. Only the poor fellow had not realized it. Each successive day was plunging him more deeply in love with his cousin's daughter.

Then the Rennies gave a picnic. It turned out a brilliant sunny day and it was decided to go up the valley to a wood near the lower end of the Aiguille Vert glacier. It was at this picnic it for the first time struck Mr. Rennie that Harry was a trifle more attentive to Muriel than there was any occasion for. He did not say anything; but he made up his mind to two things. First, to watch the young couple pretty carefully that day; secondly, to leave Montvert to-morrow.

Harry and Muriel slipped off amongst the trees and soon found themselves quite alone they strolled down to where from under its arch of muddy ice the glacier river started on its foamy career, and seated themselves near by on a great mossy stone under a pine tree. The blazing sun made the shade most welcome and the two sat there quietly drinking in the warm scent of the woods.

"I'm afraid our holiday will be soon over," she said. "We have to be home by the first of October."

Harry experienced a curious shock. With extraordinary suddenness he realized what life would be without Muriel.

"Muriel," he said, quickly and earnestly—"Muriel, will you care?"

Apparently she did, for when, five minutes later, an interested spectator walked quietly up behind them over the carpet of noiseless pin-needles, he saw a sight that made his smooth face wrinkle with rage.

The two cousins were sitting closer together than strict cousinship altogether entailed, and Muriel's head was leaning on Harry's shoulder.

James Rennie lost his temper.

"You sneaking young scoundrel!" said he, advancing toward them. Muriel turned in astonishment and Harry rose very quietly. There was a dangerous gleam in his eye. "You were saying—"

"That you are a scheming fortune hunter. Your uncle cut you off and now you think to regain the money in a low, underhand way by marrying my daughter!"

Ouch! A sharp rending sound, fol-

lowed by a heavy fall, made all three jump back.

A great piece of ice, loosened by the heat had fallen away from the glacier end, and something else—something dark and soft had slipped from the broken mass and lay limply on the debris below.

For a moment no one moved.

Then Harry stepped forward, and stood by the fallen figure. The others followed. It was the body of a man. He was dressed in rough tweeds and his upturned face had a quiet, peaceful expression. He might have died an hour ago.

Instinctively the men removed their hats. Then Harry looked at Mr. Rennie.

"You know who it is?" he asked.

"Yes, it's Sir Robert," he answered, in a low voice.

They picked up the body and lifted it into the shade of the pines. As they did so a folded paper fell from the torn jacket.

That evening Harry met Muriel in the hotel garden.

"Your father has told you what it was he found?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," she answered. "And he told me, too, about your suggestion. Harry, you are very generous, and do you know, father appreciates it."

"I'm glad he doesn't think badly of me any longer, darling," said Harry; "but you know we shall be rich on half the money, shan't we?"

Muriel's answer quite satisfied him.

—Omaha Bee.

QUER STORIES

Dutch omnibuses are fitted with letter boxes.

Of 51,000 breweries in the world, 25,000 are in Germany.

The first large iron bridge in the world was built over the Severn in 1777.

Scientists assert that the fly can make 660 strokes a second with its wings.

Moscow's orphan asylum, founded by Catherine II., is supported by a tax on playing cards.

The Visitor states that the new Catholic cathedral in London will be completed by the year 1900.

Lobsters have a great dread of thunder, and when peals are very loud will swim to deeper water.

Meteors rush through space at the rate of twenty-six miles a second. They are not usually larger than a pebble, and on striking the earth's atmosphere they immediately dissolve into gas.

The British museum contains the oldest specimen of pure glass which bears any date. This is a little lion's head, having on it the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty.

The quiver of the aspen leaves is due to the fact of the leaf stalk being flat on the sides and so thin about the middle that the slightest breath of wind sets all the leaves wagging horizontally.

Flogging has become so indispensable in Russia that some inventor has perfected a machine which saves the human arm. Under the flagellation of the machine taxes and arrears are to become speedily collected.

Cranberries are not injured by freezing. They are often sent as far as Manitoba in open box cars. When they arrive they are frozen into solid blocks of ice. The sides of the cases are knocked off and the berries are exposed in a solid mass, like cakes of ice.

Hartland, in Devonshire, has had only three vicars since 1700. The present vicar has held the place since 1859, his predecessor held it for sixty-two years, having served as curate for ten years before, and succeeding an incumbent who served thirty-seven years.

No sovereign of the United Kingdom was ever crowned in Ireland; but double coronations of English monarchs have not been infrequent. Henry VII. was crowned at Westminster, and again at Worcester; Henry III. at Gloucester and Westminster, and Henry VI. at Paris and Westminster.

The Indemnity Was Paid.

"The controversy between Haiti and Germany over the Lueders case," said an old resident to a Star reporter recently, "brings to my mind the fact that the United States at one time at least during my life showed the same spirit that Germany did in demanding an indemnity at the point of a gun. The incident happened just after the close of the war and was about the same kind of affair. The Brazilian government had imprisoned or treated an American citizen in some outrageous way, and the American minister at Rio Janeiro, acting on his instructions, demanded an indemnity. He was put off from day to day, and finally from week to week, until he made up his mind that he was either going to do his duty or lose his position, so he said nothing more about the matter, but waited for a United States warship to anchor in the harbor. When the vessel arrived he quietly moved his effects from the legation to the boat and then announced